Joseph M. Friedman, Atty,

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Memphis, Tenn.

Feb. 21, 1919.
Friday:

Precious Honey Rose: —

I shall never be able to tell you how worried I was yesterday because I did not get a letter. This is very unusual, and I went over four times - each time receiving the same answer — "Nothing for you, Mrs. Freedman". All day I had hopes of course that it would be in the next mail, but when he said "no" at 5 P.M. my dear, my heart sunk. I spent a miserable evening worrying and fearing some thing was wrong: I noticed the post mark was 7 P.M. and now understand it must have missed the mail as your letters are usually stamped 4 or 5 P.M. So at the letter is first thing this morning. And now, Lois, unless you want me to be very angry with you - you had better not miss the collection again.

Well, honey, after the lecture I'll proceed. If I'll fooled you with my Saturday letter, making it appear fat,

you sure did the same, by inclosing Mr. Lazaar's letter. When I picked it up, I thought that was the reason of its being late. Tell Mr. Lazaar I thank him, and will answer it pretty soon.

No, dear you can have no fear, of me mentioning B.-Lee. Lets simply forget him; thats about all he is worth. I say very little about him to Esther Ann or Rose as what's the use? —.

I am happy that you got over the blues. It sure worried me greatly. Try dear, to overcome it, and always remember, honey, how much I love you. Perhaps that may help — and if my letters cheer you, I shall try to make them as cheerful as possible.

Will run up to Mom's to-night as usual for supper. Regular Friday weather, its snowing instead of raining to-day. Just my luck as I am off to-morrow + Sunday. Will give Mom your message.

Honey, dear, I'll not wait any longer than the beginning of May. If by that time things are not as you expect I'll be down anyway. May is the longest I'll be away out you understand? Am anxious to hear the good news you promised me, and hope to get your Wednesday letter this afternoon.

As to my bed spread, am working like a busy bee on it. Have a lot done, but it is not finished yet. Some work on it, believe me! That is how I spend my evenings down here. Were it not for that, I should never, never

get it done.

Hope love that you do become notary repertie. As to the reasons, you wrote in one of my letters that the Mormons had promised to help you — so perhaps they want, after all, to delay you as long. I hope not, anyway, love, for I should certainly love to see my hubby as much.

I shall close now, love, with all my love, hugs, and kiss to my darling hubby. Don't miss the mail anymore pweeses — hear. My my regard to all.

Your everloving wifie
Frances.

Take good care of yourself — and get out as much as you can. Have you seen the Gold yet?